UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

About Unitarian Advance - *John Malick*

Robert Frost: An Authentic American Poet - - - - *Leonard B. Gray*

Do Clothes Make the Woman? - *May Stranathan*

A. Wakefield Slaten - *Sherman D. Wakefield*

India and International Organization - - - - - - *Nat Muzumdar*

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The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

AMERICAN RED CROSS

Medical Kits for Schools in Europe

Medicines sufficient for the needs of 1,000,000 school children are being sent by the American Junior Red Cross to schools in Yugoslavia, Greece, and Belgium. The medicines in question are contained in kits now being purchased at a cost of $87,500.

Each kit will contain approximately 30 different standard medical items, such as aspirin, boric acid, soap, and gauze. The kits are designed to serve 400 children and are distributed to schools in the countries in question through the Joint Commission of the International Red Cross Committee. Under this arrangement kits may be sent to occupied areas as well as to those that have been liberated. A total of 2,500 kits is being shipped, 1,000 to Yugoslavia, 1,000 to Greece, and 500 to Belgium.

These medical kits are being paid for from the American Junior Red Cross National Children's Fund. This fund is maintained by voluntary contributions on the part of the children, and the purchase of medical kits is one of the ways in which the Junior Red Cross is participating in the rehabilitation of children in the liberated countries of Europe. Another project is the classroom gift boxes which members of the Junior Red Cross have packed and which have been sent to European countries for distribution among school children. Altogether 450,000 of these boxes, each containing 12 articles, such as crayons, pencils, rulers, sewing kits, soap and wash cloths, and other materials, have been packed and shipped for distribution.

Air Shipments to China

Establish New Record

Air shipments of medicine into China set a new record in September, with forty-four tons flown over the Himalaya Mountains from India, Basil O'Connor, chairman of the American Red Cross, has announced.

The original Red Cross program of medicines for China called for shipment of ten tons per month, but increased need of drugs and medicines and added flying facilities have led to in increase that will provide forty to fifty tons a month.

September shipments were of particular importance, since they were made up largely of sulfa drugs, some of which were flown immediately into an area where there had been outbreaks of plague.

Medical shipments are sent to Calcutta, shipped overland to the Assam air fields, and flown from there into China.

UNITY

"He Hath Made of One All Nations of Men"

Volume CXXX DECEMBER, 1944 No. 10

Editorial Comments

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

I.

I was reading some of the romantic poets the other day, trying to escape for a few moments from the war. But these poets knew all about it, and wrote about it! Here was Byron, for example, telling the truth about war as rigorously as any pacifist. Thus, in his poem, "Lara."

What boots the oft-repeated tale of strife,
The feast of vultures, and the waste of life? . . .
The smoking ruin, and the crumbled wall?
In this the struggle was the same with all;
Save that distempered passions lent their force
In bitterness that banished all remorse.
None sued, for mercy knew her cry was vain,
The captive died upon the battle-slain:
In either cause, one rage alone possessed
The empire of the alternate victor's breast;
And they that smote for freedom or for sway,
Deemed few were slain while more remained to slay.
It was too late to check the wasting brand,
And Desolation reaped the famished land;
The torch was lighted and the flame was spread
And Carnage smiled upon her daily dead.

Not much romance here! And Byron is matched by his great rival, Sir Walter Scott, who sang the glory of many a hard-fought field. But he knew the horror of it all, too. Thus, in his poem, "Rokeby," he wrote lines which might well apply this day to the destruction of cities, homes, historical monuments, wherever the tide of war spreads wide its waste. Speaking of the burning of Rokeby castle, Scott indicted these meditative lines:

So flits the world's uncertain span!
Nor zeal for God, nor love for man,
Gives mortal monuments a date
Beyond the power of Time and Fate.
The towers must share the builder's doom,
Ruin is theirs, and his a tomb.

And the reason for it all? Why will men thus fight, to the destruction of all that the ages have reared, the ruin of all the world that they hold dear, and the slaughter of their own lives and the lives of their beloved? Byron gives the answer again in "Lara." Men are deceived; they are given catchwords, slogans, ideals. They are told that they are fighting for freedom, civilization, democracy, and so betrayed to death. Listen:

Such is their cry—some watchword for the fight
Must vindicate the wrong, and warp the right;
Religion—freedom—vengeance—what you will,
A word's enough to raise mankind to kill;
Some factious phrase by cunning caught and spread,
That guilt may reign, and wolves and worms be fed.

II.

I had no ardent feeling in last month's presidential election except for the Socialist candidate, Norman Thomas, who conducted a campaign on an intellectual and spiritual level which put to shame the campaigns of the two leading contestants. There is something wrong with a democratic system which has no place for a man like Mr. Thomas except as a voice crying in the wilderness! Not being much excited about either President Roosevelt or Governor Dewey, I was able to view with comparative calm the outcome of the balloting. The election of neither man involved anything really decisive for the nation or the world. It was a matter simply of better or worse for the same general movement of events in winning the war and making the peace. On the debit side of the Roosevelt triumph is the fourth term, which I seriously regard as a menace to the sound functioning of democracy. The President is apparently now entered upon a life tenure, and both in itself and as a precedent this is dangerous. Had Mr. Roosevelt been a really great man, he never would have allowed this indefinite continuance in office to develop, but would have years ago trained up a successor, like Mr. Wallace, for example, to carry on. Also on the debit side of Mr. Roosevelt's election, it seems to me, is Vice-President Truman, whose campaigning was a weak and futile exhibition. On the credit side, very emphatically, is the survival of an administration, which in spite of much bureaucracy, is the highest in character and the most liberal in spirit that the nation has seen since the days of Theodore Roosevelt. Also, there is the fact that the election of F.D.R. is a victory on the whole for progressivism as over against Republican reaction. The defeat of Mr. Dewey has its wholesome side as a rebuke to a low-grade and at times scurrilous campaign. Also, the country is saved the experience, in a critical hour, of training in a new man for the post of leadership. If Mr. Dewey had promised anything immeasurably better in either domestic or foreign affairs, then it would have been worth while to pay the price of a change. But he did not! On the contrary, Mr. Dewey at no time and in no way showed any sign of the personal character and sheer size needed by desperate times like these. On the other side is the failure of a real opposition to the existing regime. The Repub-

lican Party has now been beaten so consistently and so thoroughly over a period of half a generation, that it no longer ranks as a real opposition party any more, but only as an ineffective minority. Hence the fourth term, and perhaps a fifth term—which brings us back where we started!

III.

Is American democracy today what it used to be? Are we holding fast to the old ideals, or are we drifting, drifting, towards imperialism? I do not know—but I do know that there are disquieting signs of the times. All this talk, for example, about the "Commander-in-Chief"—talk led by the President himself! One would think that the President were primarily a military official and not a civil official at all. I count it disquieting that Mr. Roosevelt should take such delight in this incidental title and use it deliberately for political effect. And still more disquieting is it that the people should stand for it. It is true that the President has not imitated Stalin in taking the title of "Marshal," or aped Mr. Churchill in donning a naval uniform, but his whole temperament and tendency are nonetheless militaristic. Again, there is the Navy and its power! How many of us realize that at the close of this war we shall have a navy three times the size of any other navy in the world? A navy means territories, colonies, empire and so is it not surprising that huge annexations are already being talked about in official circles. Thus, in recent addresses in the Senate, Senator McKellar and Reynolds have declared we must take as our spoils out of this war the 1,400 Japanese islands in the Pacific, including Formosa, the West Indian islands now owned by European powers, Bermuda, Martinique, Guadaloupe, and the rest, the Galapagos archipelago off the western coast of South America and now a part of Ecuador; all islands off the outlets of the Panama Canal, Lower California from Mexico, and Wrangel Island off Alaska from Russia. Quite a basketful of eggs to bring home from market! Of course, this means empire, and the Navy is simply ways and means. But most significant at just this time is the proposal for universal military training in this country after the war. This is the clearest kind of confession that the powers-that-be here in America have no confidence in their own plans for peace. They are advertising here their conviction that no peace is going to follow upon this war. But more significant is the implication of this proposal as regards the whole future character and career of this nation. Conscription means empire—and empire means the end of democracy. Did you ever hear of a totalitarian state that was not founded upon conscription? Did you ever hear of a democracy that ever survived this military enslavement of its people? A democracy, I mean, that has power, wealth, prestige, and therefore the temptation to dominion! To think that there should come out of this war, as the fine fruit of all our labor and all our sacrifice, a universal seizure of our boys for military training! This, if it comes, is the beginning of the end of our democracy. Therefore is the coming fight against conscription a fight for the very life of this republic.

IV.

Hopes for an early ending of the European war seem to have faded and gone. The Nazis are evidently resolved fanatically to fight to the bitter end, though Germany and the continent be utterly destroyed in the process. And the United Nations seem resolved, with an equal fanaticism, to fight to the same end, no matter what the consequences. It never seems to enter heads on either side that this sort of fury is brutish and not human—that this is what beasts do, but not men. For why are men endowed with reason if not to raise the issues of life to a level above that of mere physical violence? Think of what an offering of terms by the victors, in place of their mad challenge of "unconditional surrender," might do to persuade the vanquished to end this horror! Nor does it seem to enter men's minds that this whole war and its indefinite continuance is suicide. That each side is slaying and destroying not only the other but also itself! "If this slaughter were one-sided, it would still be horrible," writes an American preacher, "but our own boys also are dying." As we smash our way step by step into Germany, every step of the way is dyed not merely with German but also with American, English, and Canadian blood. Humanity is slowly but surely bleeding to death in this ghastly struggle. As for the smashing, which reduces whole cities to rubble and whole countrysides to blackened wastes, what are we destroying but our own precious and irreplaceable possessions? Take the tragedy of Aachen, the ancient capital of Charlemagne, whose body lies buried in what was one of the most venerable and beautiful of all European cathedrals! "The doomed German city died the flaming death decreed by the American First Army," says an Associated Press dispatch. But Aachen was not a "German city"! It was quite as much a French city (Aix-la-Chapelle!), an English city, an American city, a shrine of humanity. That ancient town, with its historical monuments and its art treasures, belonged to us all. When we bombed and burned it, we were bombing and burning a part of our own culture and civilization—our own heritage bequeathed from ages gone. That is what I mean by calling this war, suicide. Will Durant, in his great book on Greece, describes the Peloponnesian War as "the suicide of Greece." "The glory that was Greece" was extinguished in that war which might have been ended, but was fought for twenty-seven years to the last man and the last weapon. So is our glory now being blotted out. And there is no statesman in the seats of power to find the way to peace! What a commentary on our sanity, our futile heroism,

and our dead religion! Verily, verily, we are weighed in the balances and found wanting.

V.

There are two great Catholic churches in the world —the Greek Catholic, and the Roman Catholic. It is interesting and edifying to note the contrast between these two great churches today. The Greek church, in Russia, after bravely enduring two decades of outlawry and persecution, is now basking in the favor of the Stalin government. The dictator, of course, has not changed his attitude toward the church. He and his party still believe that "religion is the opiate of the people." But in the present exigency of international affairs, Stalin finds it convenient to curry favor with the church. He would use it for purposes of his own —in Poland, for example!—and so has bought it by paying the price of toleration. And the church has consented to the sale of its spiritual honor. It is now backing up all the policies of Soviet Russia. Especially is it supporting the war, and in the good old Tsarist fashion lifting the cross as the soldiers march into battle. What we have here is a complete surrender of the church to the state, and a return on the part of the church to a status so similar to that under Nicholas II that it is hard to note any difference. In contrast to this, look at Rome! From the beginning of this war, the Roman church has resolutely refused to identify itself with any belligerent cause. It has steadfastly held itself neutral—"above the battle," and therefore loyal not to any nation or army, but to that City of God which is above all nations and has no armies. Its position in the bitter controversy over the Vatican as a sanctuary of refuge is a perfect example of what I mean. While the Nazis were in occupation of Rome, the Vatican offered the shelter of its altars to Jews, anti-Fascists, anti-Nazis, to all who were in danger of arrest and death. Now the United Nations are in control of the Eternal City, and they are horrified to discover that the Vatican is still a place of refuge—this time, of course, to Fascists and other enemies of the Allied cause. They cannot seem to understand the sanctity of refuge, or the idea of religion as the universal manifestation of God and the pledge of the universal brotherhood of man. The same attitude on the part of Rome is shown in the Pope's insistence upon peace, and a reorganization of the world that shall include all the nations in one common bond of mutual accord. The Roman Catholic Church has bound itself to no belligerent and partisan cause in this great struggle. It has held itself aloof from the dominance of any state. Thus has it been free to serve humanity, and thus to exemplify and glorify the principle that "the church is not at war." What wonder that the head of the Roman church today is as potent as the head of the Greek church is impotent!

VI.

"I wonder if it makes a Jew feel as queer to be called a 'Jew' as it does me to be called a 'Gentile.'" I ran across this statement the other day, and it has been bothering me ever since, like a splinter in a finger. Why on earth should anybody imagine that a Jew might feel queer to be called a "Jew"? The word "Jew" is a great and honorable name, is it not? It has been borne by some of the greatest men in human history, has it not? I can imagine a Jew feeling proud to be called a Jew, or happy, elated, thrilled—perhaps in these days, and in many places, frightened and discouraged. But "queer"? How queer to think of such a thing! As for the word "Gentile," I have never felt queer to be called such. To be sure, the word has no such glorious connotation as that of "Jew." It is little more than another way of saying non-Jew. But to this extent the word is useful, and I see no reason why it should stir any emotional reaction of any kind. If there is any queerness attached to these or any other terms, it is only because they are made occasions of separation, prejudice, even hate. After all, at bottom, these words are simply epithets—which, by the way, is not an opprobrious term—descriptive of a person's character or kind in relation to other persons. They are useful in describing, classifying, placing an individual, like a name, or address, or occupation. I find it enormously interesting to discover that a person is a Czechoslovakian, or Korean, or Catholic, or Mormon, or Buddhist, or Indian, or Jew. I feel embarrassed, frustrated, robbed of something good and true when I have confused a Korean with a Japanese, or a Filipino with an Hawaiian, or an Italian with a Spaniard. I confess that in this age I find it shameful to be a Gentile—and when I remember that I am a Nordic, I am tempted to put on sackcloth and ashes. But these words are nonetheless useful labels, like a trade-mark on a piece of goods. Of course they are themselves nonessential, and all our trouble comes from bothering with them overmuch. Some day we will be interested in a man simply as a *man,* in the spirit of Robert Burns' "a man's a man for a' that." But meanwhile, let us take names as they come, and use them or not as may be helpful.

Ruth Randall Edström

Mrs. Ruth Randall Edström, wife of J. Sigfrid Edström, well-known Swedish industrialist and President of the International Chamber of Commerce, died in her home in Stockholm on October 5. She was born in 1867 in Wilmington, Illinois, the daughter of Oscar T. and Jane Lewis Randall. Mrs. Edström was a founder of The American Women's Club in Stockholm, and she served as a Swedish delegate to several international women's suffrage conferences. Mrs. Edström was a long-time friend of and subscriber to UNITY.

Jottings

Well, Mr. Roosevelt was elected, and the Government at Washington still lives.

(Had Mr. Dewey been elected, we would have written the above as follows:

Well, Mr. Dewey was elected, and the Government at Washington still lives.)

On the day following Election Day, Mr. Dewey found himself in the happy position of being able to fulfill his solemn promise to the people of New York State to complete his term as Governor.

The results of the November election should end once for all the myth of the Gallup and other polls. What happened to the *Literary Digest* poll should now happen to all the rest. This would be one thoroughly good outcome of the Roosevelt sweep forecast by no poll taker anywhere.

If anything should end war forever, it is the German rocket bomber. This is a kind of last word in fiendish destructiveness. Yet we hear of nothing except that the United Nations are now going to build rocket bombers for themselves!

When American soldiers defended Corregidor to the last desperate moment of resistance, we acclaimed them as heroes. When German soldiers defended Aachen to the last desperate moment of resistance, we ridiculed them as mad fanatics. Is it really impossible to be fair in war?

When American soldiers enter Germany, they are ordered to hold aloof from the people. This is to protect them from sudden attack. Or is it to prevent them from knowing the people too well and liking them too much?

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

About Unitarian Advance

JOHN MALICK

Before me is the Report of Committee A for Unitarian Advance and the reaction to it of the Mid-West Ministers' Institute. "The Relation of Unitarianism to Christianity" is placed first, and rightly so. We have to be clear about this ourselves before we can make ourselves clear to our constituency.

This study seems to suggest that we ought to decide what our product really is as a preliminary condition of marketing it on a larger scale. We ought to find out what we think and just how far we are handling old stock more easily available in other churches than in ours.

Whatever the present demand, it is not of our making. We have to take it as it is. Our first principle as a church is that we do not dilute or adapt the product to the market.

What part of the population is receptive? We do not know. All told, it likely is as large as the largest Protestant body. An observer in the West notes this change in the church picture. Formerly, when orthodoxy was left, they looked about for something else. Now they do not, they just stay out. They do not go into the differences among the churches enough to know that we are here with something different in the way of a church. We well might check our ways of making it known that we are here and different. The net result of all our publicity to date is that we are taken for just another Protestant denomination with our own peculiar little angle of interpretation of the same old revelation. Even churchmen, who ought to know better—Catholics, Protestants and Jews—give us no separate representation, no representation at all, in their pool for good will.

For a large number at present we as a church have nothing whatever to offer. Numerically, the demand now is for the lower forms of Protestantism with all the new names but one meaning, to bring Fundamentalism back from the hills. This backwash has reached the Universities, has been given academic standing even in the theological schools of the liberal tradition. For another group, the demand is for the new psychology cults of health, happiness, and prosperity.

With all the new splinter-sects, the Protestant connection becomes more embarrassing every year. Liberals have to disavow it to keep faith with themselves and to make themselves clear to their most likely constituency. Increasingly, one feels called upon to deny the Protestant connection, holding no Protestant doctrines and denying the authority from which they all come. Our official associations and pronouncements always make it difficult for us to convince prospects that we are not Protestant. Our blending so respectably into the general church picture in the East does not help us keep the line clear between things really different. "Christian" in the name of our church paper does not help. The mergers of theological schools in Cambridge and in Chicago do not help. However carefully our differences are safeguarded in the merger, the impression is bound to be that those trained in the same place must be pretty much of a kind. In mergers, liberals take the loss. We have lost and confused our constituents in all our efforts to look bigger than we are, and in all the denominational and individual church mergers with those nearer to orthodoxy than we are.

As words mean, we are not Christian. To say that we are the early Christians over again (we are not and do not want to be) requires explanation every time the word is used. Words as currency for commerce in thought have to be counterfeited to make us either Christian or Protestant. True, Protestantism is in our

background, and so is Catholicism, both kinds. We have four times as much Catholic background as Protestant, and four times as many Catholic ancestors as Protestant in the last two thousand years. So are Judaism, Greece, Rome, Babylon, and all the rest, in our background. If we ought to keep the Protestant name because we came out of it, and we are all the way out, then by the same token we ought to keep all these other names of older backgrounds.

One does meet a lot of people around who do not fit into any regular line church. Many of them want to get away from something, but it is not orthodox theology. They do not know enough about it to be worried or to reject it. Without quite knowing what it is that is troubling them, they want to get away from the evangelical habit of mind in which they were reared. They do not want to be mistaken for Protestant Christians of any sort.

Are we different enough to arouse their interest? They feel no need of salvation. What churches generally purport to do is not real to them, as it is not to us. We have to make this very clear that we are in no sense a salvation church in the accepted meaning of the word, accepting it as fact that no church ever has made any difference in the standing of any person in the universe after leaving here. We are for those who have to reject the doctrines which Christian, Protestant, and Salvation mean.

Orthodoxy has two sources of information, what man has turned up and what revelation is said to have given. We have but one source, observation and experiment. This puts us entirely outside, denying as we do all this knowledge peculiar to churches. We have to depend upon just one source of knowledge of how things are and will be, as do all other professions, vocations, and institutions. This is our distinction as a church, as well as our handicap. Other churches speak absolutely where we do not speak at all.

The chief difficulty in practice of getting our thought around is that all who think our way religiously do not feel at home together in other ways. We usually have but one church in a city. Those of other church names have enough of their kind in different parts of the city to make a church. We happen to be connected in origin in this country with the owner-manager group, with the special economic-political thought and social forms of that group. This tradition still holds, suggesting to those changing their social status that we are one of the churches that might be of some help to those who need it. Churches have the limit of their influence set by those who get into them first. They just about fix the bounds of further growth. "Welcome," cannot be said often enough to make those feel comfortable together who do not in fact. Those usually feel at home together who have about the same social forms. Whether they are better or worse forms, at least they are different.

An increasing number now belong to the employed group. They furnish much of the brains to run the plants. They are the traffickers in ideas. While our thought is simplicity itself compared with orthodox theology, it makes special appeal to those in the field of exact truth—the chemists, physicists, engineers, all the technically trained, as well as teachers at all the stages. It is more difficult for them to take Hebrew mythology for fact on Sunday after dealing from Monday to Saturday with a world that works differently.

Those are basically most alike who are alike in religion, much more alike than those who happen to use the same number of spoons. A wider spread of material well-being, social security, would make a lot of people feel at home together who do not now, divided as they are by the things that can be bought. It would give a setup of things that would free all sorts of liberalism, including our own. Nothing would help liberalism more than to have a larger number reach assured social standing so that they could risk free association with all who think as they do about God and man. This change in social status is so new for many, and so important, that they will not risk being with their own kind in a church way.

Robert Frost: An Authentic American Poet

LEONARD B. GRAY

The decade between 1910 and 1920 was a great period in American literature. It was certainly one of the greatest, perhaps the greatest period in our poetry. One day some historian will adequately describe and interpret this new day that saw the appearance of more poets writing truly American and authentic poetry than any other period of the same length had hitherto seen. Already Amy Lowell and others have written ably of this renaissance.

While a few forerunners had been writing before 1910, it was not until this decade had begun that the "new poetry" was clearly recognized and not until 1917 was it definitely ranked and named "America's first national art." To be sure, it was at last recognized that Whitman had written great and authentically American poetry, close to the ground and the soul of the people. But he was a lonely voice in his day and he had few followers. Despite his influence poetry had not altogether sloughed off its classical reference and ornamentation, its remoteness from life, and its traditional artificiality and pomposity of poetical language. In this soulless, barren period Edwin Arlington Robinson was to be a great force in bringing about the dawn for which he longed and wrote:

> Oh for a poet—for a beacon light
> To rift this changeless glimmer of dead gray,
> To put these little sonnet men to flight
> Who fashion, in a shrewd mechanic way,
> Songs without souls—
> What does it mean, this barren age of ours?

Scarcely had Robinson written this when the new flood burst forth with irresistible force in his own "Man Against the Sky," Carl Sandburg's "Chicago," and Robert Frost's "North of Boston," poems typical of and prominent in this new day. Robinson, Sandburg, Frost! These were perhaps the greatest three among the goodly number of new voices worthy of mention. The dry and thirsty land welcomed the refreshing flood with great enthusiasm. Unprecedented sales swept the country. People unaccustomed to reading poetry turned to this poetry and read it with a relish. They

found enjoyment in reading poetry unencumbered by a dictionary of rare words and classical references at their elbows. Here were new poets whose glossary was not literature but life, whose revolt was against the assumption that poetry must have a vocabulary of its own, and whose language was not of the poetasters but of the people. Here was new poetry, many readers found, close to their soil and even closer to their souls and expressing their own inarticulate values and aspirations.

Of course the sticklers for tradition objected and resisted, and they managed to withhold recognition and fame from Robinson for many years, but on the whole this time reception to the new and authentic in poetry was much quicker and more enthusiastic than the slow receptions given to Wordsworth and Whitman in their days. Not only the people but also discerning teachers and critics were quick to recognize and to welcome these new voices of the 1910s. Professor David Lambuth, great teacher of literature at Dartmouth College, coming back to Hanover from New York in 1915 with a copy of *North of Boston* in his hands, was "bowled over," as he put it, and at once recognized that a new authentic voice had appeared in America. While in the August number of the *Atlantic* the same year Edward Garnett wrote, "An authentic, original force speaks in 'North of Boston'." Indeed, the poet himself coming back from England where he had written this volume found himself already famous. Since then his fame has increased. Many colleges, schools, and clubs have invited him to lecture on poetry. His most distinguished lectures were likely the Charles Eliot Norton lectures which he delivered at Harvard in 1936. Universities and colleges have honored him with degrees. Four times he has been awarded the Pulitzer Prize. He became one of the few authors to receive the Gold Medal from the National Institute of Arts and Letters. Today he is generally recognized as one of the great American poets, living or dead, and by many as our greatest living American poet. At Dartmouth College, a few years ago, the writer of this article saw 2,400 people pack Webster Hall to hear Frost read and interpret his poetry, and was reminded of the days of Pushkin in Russia, of Goethe and Schiller in Germany, and of Wordsworth in England when great theatre audiences applauded their poets.

Frost is much more than New England. Indeed, he is American and Universal in his description of fundamental human nature. But he is first of all, and chiefly, New England in family background, in taste, in type of man, and in the poetry he has written. His father was born in Kingston, New Hampshire, and was the ninth generation of his family on New England soil. He met and married Belle Moody while both were teaching in a small Pennsylvania town, and shortly afterwards moved to San Francisco where his son Robert was born March 26, 1875. In that rather filibustering city, just evolving from the "Frisco" of the gold fever, the father lived a strenuous life working on *The San Francisco Bulletin,* a Democratic newspaper, and managing political campaigns, and died of tuberculosis in his early thirties. The boy was ten. His father's father, a mill overseer in Lawrence, Massachusetts, offered the youngster and his mother a home.

Drifting along as best he could, the boy managed to push from grade to grade until he was graduated from High School in 1893. That fall he tried Dartmouth but did not like the college which now he serves as "Resident consultant in the Humanities." In two months he was back at his grandfather's home. He taught school, worked as a bobbin boy in a mill, and reported for a newspaper. Nothing struck fire with him except poetry, and that was worthless as a career, the family thought. What to do with this unsteady boy was a puzzle to his disappointed grandfather.

At twenty Frost married Elinor Miriam White, covaledictorian with him at High School graduation. Once more he tried college, this time at Harvard in 1897. He liked philosophy and the classics, even enjoyed Latin and Greek, but said of it all, "It is not what I want."

"What does he want then?" the grandfather asked again when his unambitious grandson left his studies after two years. Still tolerant he bought a farm for the young man at Derry, New Hampshire. This was in 1900, and the twenty-five-year-old Frost began farming and also began something much more. How discouraging working from early morning to late at night on a stone-infested farm! How despairing the outlook! A hard place for any man, especially for an inexperienced tiller of the soil with a poetic streak in his make-up! Yes, a hard place! And yet just the very place for the type of genius that was in young Frost. Here indeed was the very concatenation of circumstances and surroundings that he needed. This small poet's world was to be deepened by his own spade. With every shovelful he was to dig poetry. He was to write from observation, but better still from doing, from identifying himself actively with farm work and farm workers and with the farming community. Not as a casual observer but as actual doer, not as someone who sees men hoe and lift hay but as one who does these jobs himself, the poet was to begin his first authentic poetry. In this way he was to get the sure touch and the true ring so characteristic of him. "Putting in the Seed," "Mowing," and "Mending Wall" came from this Derry period, and those of us who have planted, mowed, and mended walls can easily tell that the author of these poems did these jobs.

This then is the fact above every other fact to bear in mind about the poet Robert Frost—here at Derry for the first time to any great extent the poet and his proper environment came into close grips with each other. Here at last was a satisfactory and meaningful interaction between what was inside the man and his environment, the only interaction, many educators claim, that is truly educative and productive of creative living. He is not always to be a farmer, but this New Hampshire hill country is to be the environment to which he is to be the most responsive and for which the particular sort of poet in him was made. The singular and inexplainable fact about our poet is that he was never greatly responsive to any other environment, with the possible exception of Vermont. Only a few references to other parts of the country and types of life are found in his poetry. The poet spent his earliest and most plastic years in California, in the fair-sized mill city of Lawrence, and at college. While still young he taught at various schools. Before his first great poetry appeared he lived a few years in England at the time a significant poetical revival was taking place in that country and London was the "El Dorado" of young poets among whom the American mingled. Why was it that these environments and atmospheres do not appear in his poetry? Why was it that he was not "storing up impressions" for his poems during the very years most poets would be storing up? We do not know. We only know that like Thoreau he gravitated

always towards only his own essential nature, towards that which most strongly and rightfully attracted him. We accept this strange psychological fact and we rejoice in it. For this, we believe, supplies one of the main reasons for his unique and distinctive poetry. Surely nature in making him dead to some impressions and keenly alive to others was moulding a poet to her purpose.

Frost's first New Hampshire period was about twelve years. After some six years on his farm he began to intersperse some teaching of English at Pinkerton Academy, situated in Derry, with his farming. He formed a close friendship with Pinkerton's principal, Ernest Leroy Silver. Silver liked and admired his friend so much, so he tells me in a personal note, that he took Frost along with him when he went to Plymouth Teachers' College as president in 1911. At Plymouth the poet taught psychology for one year.

And then in 1912 Frost sold his Derry farm and set sail for England. He and his wife lived for a time in Beaconsfield, a little town in rural Buckinghamshire. Then he leased a farm in Gloucestershire where his near neighbors were Wilfred Wilson Gibson, the poet, and Lascelles Abercrombie, the poet-dramatist. He worked on his farm some. He wrote poetry about New Hampshire, listened to his literary neighbors and mingled a bit in the literary circles of London, and then went home and did it all over again, only more so. Untouched by the life about him, he kept his feet, and went his own way.

In 1913 Frost collected his poems written over a period of twenty years and found an English publisher for his first volume. *A Boy's Will* stirred up considerable interest and acclaim. The English reviewers were captivated by the American's exquisite and unaffected lyrics and by his sharp observation. Clear signs of promise were here, but the young poet lacked the clean-cut vigor he was yet to show. A year later his *North of Boston* appeared, and a great poet had suddenly arrived. Everywhere there was exuberant praise.

Unknown when he left our shores in 1912 the poet found that fame had preceded him when he returned in 1915. Walking up from the steamer he ran across an enthusiastic review of his volume by Amy Lowell in a New York bookstall. It seemed that America was holding out friendly hands to welcome her new poet home.

With quick certainty the homing pigeon must go to his hills. Almost immediately Frost bought a farm at Franconia, beautifully nestled among the White Mountains of the state he had left three years before. There among the mountains he lived five years, did only a little farming because of his frequent lecturing, and brought out his third volume, *Mountain Intervale*.

In fifty years of writing our poet has brought out one small book every seven years, his touch becoming surer and more personal with each volume. At various times he has served Amherst College, Michigan University, Yale, Harvard, and Dartmouth as "Poet in residence." At these places students have found him "a sort of poetic radiator," a great source of inspiration and practical helpfulness. Since he acted as cofounder of the famous Bread Loaf School of English in 1920, many have gone to this summer institution among the Green Mountains of Vermont largely because Frost has taught there each year.

In this poet is a real human, kind and friendly to everybody. So summer visitors find him on one of his five farms in Vermont. They like his informal manner, his wit and humor. Nearly seventy now, he seems an impressive figure with his fine-shaped head, white uncombed hair, sneakers he does not bother to lace, police suspenders, and gray trousers. Visitors are particularly captivated by his droll expression and by the twinkle in his gray-blue eyes. There seems to be something elusive about him as though he looked at life with an amused detachment. And there is no risk that one will find him tied to a schedule. When the spell of some work is on him he will work far into the night and then perhaps sleep late in the morning. One likes to hear him say, "I write when I feel like it. I'm quite irregular but it is too late to do much about it."

This poet and this man are one piece. He is an ordinary man, extraordinary only in that he sees more vividly and deeper than many of his fellows. But he is one of his fellows, close to them and to their soil. He writes the language he hears by the hearth and by the woodpile and behind the plow. He does not make poetry out of living speech so much as he makes living speech poetry. The good neighbor Frost is talking with us as we read him. With him we see the importance of right relationships with the persons nearest us. We feel his sympathetic concern for the small tasks of daily life. The dignity of manual work is lifted up. Commonplace life counts. Each individual has rights and sanctities.

It helps one to appraise Frost as a realist, and at the same time to put a finger on one of the most distinctive characteristics of our poet, to compare him with the great Californian poet, Robinson Jeffers. Our admiration for Jeffers is all-out. The Californian is tremendous. He is more gifted and more powerful in some respects than his New England contemporary. He is certainly a great realist. He is always loyal to his early determination to tell the truth. But the realities in his poems are exceptional realities. People do commit the horrible crimes and get into the tragic situations he describes, but the vast majority do not. Greek in type, it is said of him, and the Greek tragedies while great literature and often true to some life situations did not describe the average experiences of people. Frost, on the other hand, describes the average and the normal, the happenings that take place every day in commonplace life. This important fact makes him a reliable and sound interpreter of the people that you and I meet on the farm, on the street, and in our homes each day.

Yes, Frost takes close and sure grip on the realities. See his fidelity to fact in this line, "My instep arch not only keeps the ache, it keeps the pressure of a ladder-round." Yet he is more than a mere realist. His realism is on fire. It is imaginative. It is intuitive. It is interpretative. It is full of insights and undertones. It is suggestive with shades of meaning, with something more than what one merely sees on the surface. This realist describes men and women and nature for us, but also he makes us see how human lives are formed by the demands of nature. As boys we swung on birches. We know that Frost is strictly accurate as to how the swinging is done and as to how the swinger feels. But this swinger becoming a poet makes us see how valuable the swinging is over against less valuable sports. We mended walls, but as we did so, not likely we thought of the seeker of causes and of the literal-minded lover of tradition. Not likely we

thought of nationalism versus internationalism, nor of the struggle between blood obedience to custom and adventurous exploration. But our poet, as he mended, thought of these persons and of these forces. So he went beyond us and said, "Something there is that doesn't love a wall," and "Good fences make good neighbors."

Here is a poet who has rare powers to win both our admiration and our affection. We admire and wonder at his almost unapproachable technique. How tight and subtle his verse forms! What economy of words! What firm precision! And how many superb characteristics he can pack into one little poem!

If philosophy is, as Will Durant thinks, "total perspective, mind overspreading life and forging chaos into unity" then the poet Robert Frost has always been a philosopher and a wholesome one at that. But in *A Witness Tree,* one of his latest volumes, he is at his best as a sane and wise commentator on this disturbed and chaotic world in which we live. No where else is he such an intuitive observer seeking substance behind shadow. In no other poems is he such a vigorous advocate of his own positive approach to the business of living. Here the courageous adventurer urges his forward path through life more vigorously than he ever did during his younger years.

In a "Lesson for Today" he has a lover's quarrel with the world. No whimper from him, not even a tired surrender. He will not stop forcing the underbrush simply because the underbrush wears thorns. For him, it is always onward, onward eagerly, adventurously, expectantly!!

In "Come In" he will not heed the voices that call him back, but will rather follow his zest for more truth and richer living. The individual needs this positive living, and just as much as a nation and a literary tradition need it. Indeed, all who feel convinced that their age is the darkest yet need it. Every age has been dark, says this philosopher, yet the darkest has its light, its unconquerable vitality, its ongoing spirit. Something in men has always pushed on—and up. The world is like the weather and has its own integrity. This integrity, developed out of a hard life of toil and out of a long and sane perspective, is found in everything that this poet who once struggled on a tough New Hampshire farm wrote. It has always kept him out for stars, always eager for the miles he has to go before he sleeps, and always asking for a counter-love from life. It has given his poetry a serenity, a quiet strength, a centrality, a positive and courageous note, a manliness and a wholesomeness that make him a great philosopher-poet.

Trumpets on New Horizons

EDITED BY LUCIA TRENT

One Star

The heavens were filled with myriad stars,
But only one star led—
A beacon light to guide Wise Men
To Jesus' manger bed.

And in this day of flickering lights
No vastness is too far
To hinder souls who seek for truth
When guided by its star.

Its gleam is sure, its way unswerved,
And wise ones look above
The luring rays of earth to find
The true Christ star of love.

DELLA ADAMS LEITNER

We Shall Keep These

Ships will sink in their dark domain,
(Apple blossoms will lattice the lane)

Red death will anger the peaceful streams,
(Infants will still smile in dreams)

Peace disintegrates under steel,
(The magic fluid of thought is real)

Cannons intrude on citadels
(In the thrush's throat are bells)

Hatred pyres a flaming city
(A mayflower . . . a cardinal's throat are pretty)

Greed tumbles the very highest spire
(Turn up the lamp of faith still higher)

War crashes the very mountainsides
(We have the majesty of tides)

Seasons, moon and stars, and trees,
Blue skies, new dawns . . . we shall keep these.
Love, fissure the tyrant's heart of stone
For God and power and life are One.

IDA ELAINE JAMES

One Little Seed

Why are these nights
So wide-awake?
And why does the heart
Of a whole world break?

Only because
Of one little seed—
That sprouted and thrived—
Of the species: greed.

ANNABELLE MERRIFIELD

Birth

What man begins to live that glimmering morn
When, tingling with the first inrush of breath,
He sounds aloud the broken shibboleth
Of birth? When bauble, toy and peppercorn
Dimple the cheeks of childhood to the scorn
Of serious endeavor and a sheath
Of roses hides the sword of life and death,
What seer can say: "Behold, a man is born"?

Not one. But when the silken walls of youth
Wear through; when flesh and spirit grapple then
With all the peevish counterfeits of earth;
When the bright lamps of charity and truth
Shine through the hollow mockery of men,
And love and honor quicken—that is birth!

ALOYSIUS COLL

Do Clothes Make the Woman?

MAY STRANATHAN

Can it be that our young women, to say nothing of the older ones, are so unattractive as to require pepping up by means of such advertisements as this sample taken from one of the big city papers? "I've always wanted to be seductive, wear glamorous clothes, and use an exotic perfume. . . Well, why don't you? I know the exact perfume for you. It is new and specially designed for the woman who would be daring with the desire for adventure. It adds zip to the tailored outfit and is a grand come-on with the festive evening costume. Its provocative [that poor, overworked word] smouldering tones have a lift and at the same time are full of feminine softness,"—wonderful combination! This ad is accompanied by a picture of the bare backbone of a would-be vamp. Furthermore it says, "Indeed, the very box in which this new perfume comes expresses daring, with its magenta lettering against a sophisticated black background."

Another perfume is said by the ad writer to be "a young, devil-may-care scent, full of the secrets of far-off places." Let us hope not of foxholes! Another ad offers "three fragrances to match her changing moods." In the present orgy of holiday advertising who knows how many more moods "she" may develop, demanding still more perfumes. What if "she" should get her bottles mixed and sprinkle herself with pensiveness when she feels frolicsome. It would be interesting to note which comes out ahead, the mood or the perfume, or if the mixture of them should produce some strange results. Then there is "White Shoulders," a "lilting, scintillating scent for an evening of lights and shadows"; and another smell, "Frolic," said to be "brave, laughing, typical of the world today." This seems rather a strange definition of the world today, torn by wars, suffering, starvation, hatred, and bewilderment.

Despite the power of the perfume as a glamour producer, dresses are just as effective, if we can trust the ad writer. Our young men in the service of their country are reported as turning in many cases to religion, but if the ad writers are right, our girls need to turn more and more to clothes for comfort. Among these dresses of mysterious power is "a gay, new print dress, spiritually uplifting," and others are declared to build morale. Another dress is "your dream gift of billowy rayon net, the kind of a dress he will want to remember you by." Though by nature you may be a dumbbell when out in company, you can become the life of the party by the simple act of donning a "glitter blouse." And if you buy and wear "Classic," which looks in the picture like any ordinary shirtwaist dress, "you will have a winner for every season of the year."

Among the morale builders is a "simple, black crepe, which takes on a glittery elegance when decorated with a bright sequin at the neck line." Another morale builder, also black, acquires a "touch of splendor by the addition of two pockets, one blue, one green, both sequined with red." Black is not only a builder of morale, but when combined with white is the "no secret" formula for giving glamour to girls, "junior misses." Heavy white lace medallions "wreathing the yoke of this sophisticated, draped beauty with its suave front," are given the credit for most of the glamour by the truthful ad writer. A bolder writer claims for his black creation a real "wicked lure."

Many years ago John Ruskin gave the women of England his sure-fire recipe for ending war, thus: "Let every woman in the upper classes of civilized Europe simply vow that, while any cruel war proceeds she will wear black—a mute's black—with no jewel, no ornament, no excuse for or evasion into prettiness,—I tell you again, no war would last a week." Reason out these varied uses of black to suit yourself.

Offsetting the "no secret" formula for glamour and sophistication for junior misses, is the "secret weapon," advertised as specially for WACS and WAVES. It is a "cream and freshener lotion to produce glamour for gallant ladies." Then there is the "DuBarry Kit," for women of any age who need sophistication as well as glamour, with an added touch of wickedness suggested by the name.

Has the woman of today no pleasing personality of her own, but must get it from a perfume bottle, a hair-do, a suggestive costume, a hat that seems copied from the worst efforts of those we used to regard as savages, and from long, pointed finger nails that suggest, as one writer has said, nothing so much as bloody claws—these with the new variations of dark green, purple, or yellow? Are our women not naturally inclined enough to extravagances in dress without these emphases on the need for fantastic self-expression? We have seen what can be done by the promoters of hysterical states of mind in the Sinatra case.

Then the stockings, or the lack of them! Those with "the bare leg look," said to be of rayon but to simulate the bareness so popular today. A visiting Englishman is reported as saying, after he had seen our bathing beaches and picture shows, that he had never known a people so obsessed by legs as the Americans.

We have all heard the saying that the feeling of being well-dressed gives one a satisfaction that no known religion is able to do. Even if such be the case with the average woman, does it not seem like over doing it to encourage girls to engage in a Dervish dance of fanaticism by dolling up in fantastic styles and dousing themselves with perfumery?

I used to think that perhaps the Prophet Isaiah was unduly severe in his criticism of the vanities of the Daughters of Zion, but today his words do not seem so out of place as he rants against "the chains, the bracelets, and the mufflers, the bonnets and the ornaments of the legs, the headbands, and the tablets and the ear rings, and the rings and the nose jewels, the changeable suits of apparel"—a costume for every one of her changing moods—"and the mantles, the wimples, and the crisping pins, the glasses, the fine linen, and the hoods and the veils." Note the warning words to the addicts of the beauty parlor, that there shall be "instead of well-set hair, baldness," and the more dire prophecy: "Thy men shall fall by the sword, and thy mighty in the war."

As a relief from all this empty show let us read the closing words of Charles Lamb's essay on the Quakers:

> The very garments of a Quaker seem incapable of receiving a soil; and cleanliness in them is something more than the absence of the contrary. Every Quakeress is a lily; and when they come up in bands to their Whitsun conference, whitening the easterly streets of the metropolis, from all parts of the United Kingdom they show like troops of the Shining Ones.

A. Wakefield Slaten

SHERMAN D. WAKEFIELD

One of the best known and most beloved among Unitarian ministers, Dr. Arthur Wakefield Slaten, was brought up as a fundamentalist Baptist. Born in Labette County, Kansas, August 8, 1880, he was adopted as a baby by a family of Wakefields living there and thus acquired the Wakefield name. After the usual preliminary education, he entered William Jewell College, at Liberty, Missouri, where he received his A.B. degree in 1908. He started his theological education at Rochester Theological Seminary, received a B.D. degree there in 1912, and continued his studies at the United Free Church College at Glasgow, Scotland, and the Marburg and Leipzig universities in Germany. He then became research assistant to Professor Ernest DeWitt Burton of the University of Chicago, who later became President of the University, and received his Ph.D. degree there in 1916.

Doctor Slaten served as Professor and Head of the Department of Religion and Ethics at the Y.M.C.A. College, Chicago, 1918-22, and was organizer of the educational department of the Y.M.C.A. at Salonika, Greece, in 1921. In 1922 he was appointed Professor of Biblical Literature and Religious Education at his Alma Mater, William Jewell College, from which he was ousted the following year for heresy. Becoming a Unitarian, he was minister of the Third Unitarian Church, Chicago, 1923-24; Davis Professor of New Testament at the Pacific Unitarian School for the Ministry, Berkeley, Calif., 1924-25; and Minister of the West Side Unitarian Church, New York City, 1925-29. While in California he was also President of the Pacific Coast Conference of Unitarian Churches, President of Pacific Unitarian Headquarters, and Chaplain of Mills College. Leaving the ministry and continental United States, he became associated with the *Honolulu Star Bulletin,* Honolulu, Hawaii, as Literary Editor and Columnist, 1929-42. Following the bombing of Pearl Harbor he returned to California, where he became Associate Editor of *Skyways,* an aviation magazine.

Besides many published addresses and innumerable journalistic essays, Doctor Slaten was the author of *Qualitative Nouns in the Pauline Epistles and Their Translation in the Revised Version,* 1916; *What Jesus Taught,* 1922; and *Words of Aspiration,* 1927. The first book is evidence of his profound scholarship of New Testament Greek; the second, of his knowledge of New Testament criticism, which contributed to his expulsion from William Jewell College; and the third is an invaluable collection of original humanistic hymns and meditations, including one prayer for children.

After his expulsion from William Jewell College (of all places, in *Liberty,* Missouri), for not being a fundamentalist Baptist, Doctor Slaten became a Unitarian. But his growth did not stop with being an "orthodox" Unitarian; he moved on to complete emancipation from theology and became a radical Humanist. His call to the ministry of the West Side Unitarian Church brought to New York City for the first time the Gospel of Humanism. In that church he demonstrated to the full his genius for leadership, logical reasoning, and pulpit presence. It was a great privilege for me to have been associated with him there, as Research Assistant to the Minister, for the first year.

Doctor Slaten strongly attracted the affection and loyalty of those who knew him and they were permanently impressed by him. One such example is the case of Clarence M. Vickland who attended the Y.M.C.A. College in Chicago for training in "Christian Service." After two years of study under Doctor Slaten he followed the latter to Berkeley, California, to study under him for the Unitarian ministry. I was a student at the Meadville Theological School when I first met Doctor Slaten at his church in Chicago, and after my graduation from the University of Chicago in 1924, I also followed the Slaten trail to Berkeley. There I studied under him until his call to New York City brought us both across the continent.

During the last years of his life, Doctor Slaten suffered from heart trouble and he was not able to stand the exertion and excitement of public speaking. However, in his newspaper work in Honolulu he was able to lend his talents to a wider "pulpit." His death on July 29, 1944, in Santa Monica, California, is a personal loss to his many friends, and to the Humanist movement his passing is irreplaceable.

Crucible

What mind can hurdle this widening chasm?
Stricken are eyes by the lightless below:
The blood that ran hot is a chilling plasm,
Hearts are lain staggered beneath the blow.

Untimely Love, must you burst into petals?
Delicate blooms in this trashy plot,
Choked by inclement winds and nettles,
Are derelicts left to wonder and rot.

Now every hand hastens to lash the fury—
Whips of terror against our fears:
The execution precedes the jury,
Dead fall faster than fall our tears.

We haven't the time to record our sorrows—
(Blessed O Niobe her wet relief!)
But we shall have yet all our broken tomorrows
Left us to disentomb our grief.

Then, lifting out from the grave's dark bowels,
Sorrow, and fingering, find its cause.
The strength for life's urgent new avowal,
Retching and paining, will come in our pause.

And freed of an avarice that left us poorer
We shall grip life with our empty hands
And chisel a world that is fairer and surer
Where Man is the master since Man understands.

And, calling as beckoning bells from steeples,
We shall upgather into one whole
Gently the scattered shreds of peoples
And mend with love's medic mankind's ruptured soul.

M. C. LEATH.

India and International Organization

NAT MUZUMDAR

Today we all realize that there should be a strong international organization of some sort to prevent future wars. We think that our attempts are in the right direction. But are we going in the right direction, is the staggering question. The trend of thought today is that if Great Britain and the United States should control all the strategic war materials—coal, iron, mica, manganese, zinc, copper, rubber, sugar and oil—there would not be aggressive wars any more. Did it ever occur to us that more than one hundred and thirty wars were fought within the last one hundred years by the British to preserve and strengthen the British Empire? Whoever will control the strategic war materials, either by force or diplomacy, will be the aggressive nation or nations in the eyes of the other half of the world, which is unable to reap the fruit of its own soil.

We, the people of India, can visualize the future pattern of international organization in the light of our past experiences with the League of Nations. India is not only neglected but ignored consciously in the scheme of world organization. The failure today to recognize the potentialities of India as a nation will ferment ill will and chaos, and will sow the inevitable seeds of a real war, which will rise from the East to settle the problems of Western imperialism.

The League of Nations has never been popular in India. Our representatives never had the power and right to represent us because the selection of them rested entirely upon the decision of the Viceroy and the Secretary of State for India. These representatives were precisely instructed as to what they should and should not do.

India is still a Dependency and has no control over her relations with other nations. Legally, according to the Covenant of the League of Nations, India had no right to be a full-fledged member. Article I of the Covenant declares that a member of the League must be a community which should be free to contract international obligations and accept full responsibility for them. It was also emphasized in the Covenant that the Dominion and the Colony must have full rights of self-government, and further that they should be expected to have a parliamentary system of government with control of foreign affairs. These prerequisites India did not have, but she was asked to send her representatives to Geneva.

Thus it is quite understandable why the League has not been so popular among our political leaders. The actions of the League in connection with Far Eastern affairs and with some of the weaker and underdeveloped countries like Abyssinia have almost destroyed whatever little faith we had in the leadership of the League. We regard many of the actions of the League as betrayal of defenseless people who were guaranteed protection under the provision of the Covenant. It was mere display of power politics by the great powers in their own self-interests.

The League particularly lost face among the Indian leaders because of the failure of the Disarmament Conference. In 1933, Great Britain brought forward in the Assembly of the League a resolution excluding "certain outlying regions from the Air Disarmament Clause." It is believed that at that time there were opportunities for agreement to abandon altogether the use of Air Force. Mr. Anthony Eden contended that it was necessary to have available Air Force in the North West Frontier Province of India. The resolution noted above was passed without the approval of the Indian Legislature.

We recognize, however, our indebtedness to the League for its effective services rendered in the non-political and humanitarian fields. The outstanding achievement among these was the encouragement of the labor movement for shorter hours, better working conditions, and higher wages. Improvements were also brought forth in the industrial field. Important among them were the liability of employers for accidents, maternity benefits for women, and the abolition of child and woman labor in mines. The British Government has gone back to its nature and has employed children and women today to work in the mines. The shortage of labor was the excuse. It is a mockery of modern civilization to employ children and women to work underground in a country where there is a population of some 400,000,000.

Native States of India have not been directly related in any way with the League of Nations. The British Government takes care of the Native States and their foreign affairs under separate treaties. Thus some 90,000,000 people of India were entirely left out of the benefits of the League of Nations. This situation should be remedied in the future scheme of world organization.

According to the well-known historian, Professor Willoughby, the Protectorate exercised by England over the so-called Native States of India is not, as we are told in the books, an international Protectorate, but is a Protectorate of municipal law.

It is true that Mr. Aga Khan, the fifth richest man in the world, was elected president of the League Assembly in 1937. He has been very active since its origin at the end of World War I. He has spoken frequently in the Assembly of the League in an individual capacity. In spite of this honor to India, in which her representative was elevated to a high office, she could not appreciate her own position in the League meetings. Another idea worth noting is that India contributes more to the expenses of the League than does any of the Dominions of the British Empire. In spite of this fact, she does not have much to say in her own behalf.

Some of the Dominions have voted and acted independently of the wishes of Great Britain, notably New Zealand. But India has been denied the right to vote independently by the very nature of her delegation. Control of delegation by the Viceroy of India and the Secretary of State for India makes it impossible for our representative to speak for us. As far as the Assembly is concerned, India, therefore, merely adds one more representation for Great Britain. The position of India today is certainly not as it should be. Now, free Egypt and Iraq take pride in joining and participating in the deliberations of the League of Nations. Canada used to send her delegation to Geneva very proudly and is today the headquarters of the League of Nations. This has given

her an advantage and a status not enjoyed by her powerful neighbor, the United States of America.

It is very essential that India be accorded a position of legal autonomy so that she may acquire a real position in the functioning of the international organization that we cherish. She should become an equal partner in the British Commonwealth of Nations and receive a status at least equal to that enjoyed by Canada. Representing as she does some 400,000,000 people, it is only logical to feel that India should be given control over her foreign affairs to such an extent that she might be a voice in the international organization.

The Study Table

Toward Brotherhood

GROUP RELATIONS AND GROUP ANTAGONISMS. *Sponsored by the Institute of Religious Studies and Edited by R. M. MacIver. New York: Harper and Brothers. 237* pp. *$2.00.*

Professor MacIver and Rabbi Finkelstein have combined their concern over a very destructive and besetting blindness and inhumaneness in modern society to provide us with a book of lectures straight from the scenes of conflict between political, ethnic, and religious groups. Professor MacIver warns us of the danger of a widespread primitive-mindedness that fears and suspects and hates difference. In fact, it is a simple-mindedness with a kind of ingenuity for laziness, for the group images and stereotypes it accepts serve to remove any necessity for noticing individual differences. "We see what we see," says Alfred Korzybski, "because of the details we omit." Professor MacIver feels that the most dangerous enemies of civilization are "the virtuous little egoists, often themselves models of all the respectabilities, who nevertheless cultivate and propagate a most dangerous vice, the vice of attempting to regiment everybody who is not made in their own likeness."

The first address by Francis Deak makes it so easy to understand the contrast between the reaction to America of the early immigrants from Great Britian, Western Europe, and the Scandinavian countries who came to an expanding America, and that of the immigrants who came since 1880 from the mixed populations of Southeastern Europe, with their linguistic and cultural differences, to a smug and settled America. Through the window of understanding and interpretation one is shown the story of American immigration so clearly that he can no longer see one of our many nationality groups without also seeing the experience that has done so much to make his group what it is.

Insight into the story of the Italian-Americans is given by Max Ascoli. Once again we are helped to understand. We are told by one who knows the peculiar circumstances of their migration how they could be Americans before coming from Italy and could become Italians here more than they were at home, how they came too many and too late, how attached they were, not to Italy, but to their immediate village and valley and friends and relatives, and how much they need warm human relations in which to grow their American loyalties.

Alain L. Locke makes clear the position of the American Negro whose cultural assimilation into America has been so complete and yet who remains the victim of social subordination and economic boycott. The Negro struggle to eliminate these barriers oscillates between "the necessity for practical compromise and a radical assertion of rights and principles." Professor Locke feels (as, he thinks, does a goodly section of the Negro thinkers at this time) that the Negro has gained most in the latter or militant phases of the struggle. He presents the arguments against the biracial system, claims it to be shortsighted of any community not to see the ultimate advantages of lifting the Negro standard of living, and suggests that the Negro situation has served to perpetuate the social habit of discrimination and that other minorities have suffered from the presence of this habit.

Mousheng H. Lin tells of the Chinese among us, few of whom have been on public relief and among whom there is an absence of juvenile delinquency. As laundrymen and cooks (their American occupations for economic reasons—they are business men in the East Indies and accountants and cashiers in Japan) they have borne the brunt of exclusion from naturalization and a "Good morning, Charlie," condescension.

George N. Shuster speaks for the religious minority of which he is a member. The Catholic group has a number of convictions too sacred to doubt, and an inner consistency and certainty compelling it to wish to convert the opposition. Since norms of good and evil grow out of these unquestioned moral principles, one can see how there will be conflicts in a society where other groups wish some of these rules of conduct to be agreed upon democratically. Even though "blindness" is responsible for the failure of others to enter the Catholic church it is still possible for the church to respect outside mortal persons in whom the Divine Spirit is resident and to find a common interest with them in the field of "virtue." Says Professor Shuster, "I believe that the resulting drama of conflict between the doctrine which one does not share with others and the quest for holiness which one does of necessity share with them, is the greatest spiritual experience of our time."

Rabbi Finkelstein gives an illuminating story of the beginnings and development of anti-Semitism and clears up many misapprehensions that we wish we had time to recount. He argues against assimilation as a solution for anti-Semitism. All this is written within a framework of interpretive remarks concerning the meaning of discrimination.

We find reference again and again, among even the most concrete and practical of the lecturers, to the need for a new spirit and a new faith in the world before any "arrangements" will suffice,—a faith that shatters the absolute loyalties of the group and overshadows them with the values of loyalty to a larger unity. Professor MacIver, in his summation, refers to the primary importance of the universalist forces:

> By universalist, I do not mean, for example, cosmopolitan. I do not mean, certainly, merely neutral. I mean that they are inspired by a conception of a greater unity to which we belong, a unity which for this purpose we may term the brotherhood of man.

The paramount desire for the realization of uni-

versal brotherhood is the one thing that is needed so greatly. We see it so clearly in these pages. One of the chief difficulties is that persons act as though they do not want brotherhood, and do it so convincingly that we can be sure they do not. Instead they want the pride of their own little habits, the bitternesses they hold toward other groups, their "station" which is dependent upon the economic exclusion of another group. Between all the groups there must be the eager will to transcend the group. Instrumentalities for the realization of brotherhood are not existent because men do not want brotherhood as much as they want less than it.

Besides the lectures on ethnic minorities in Europe there are lectures on Latin American minorities, on Indian minorities, and on the Soviet program regarding minorities. The book enlightens, stimulates thinking, and is both frightening and encouraging. Add it to the resources with which you meet the events and needs of this frightful and promising time.

J. Donald Johnston

Another "American Dilemma"

Prejudice. Japanese-Americans: Symbol of Racial Intolerance. *By Carey McWilliams. Boston: Little, Brown and Co. 337 pp. $3.00.*

Carey McWilliams, author of the well-known *Brothers Under the Skin,* this time gets under the skin of those racists among us who are persecuting one of America's smallest minorities, the Japanese-Americans. Beginning with an amazing account of "The California-Japanese War," the author examines the people being attacked: the 120,000 Japanese-Americans in continental United States, two-thirds of whom are citizens.

While admitting that "evacuation is over," McWilliams shows that it must be carefully weighed, in retrospect, for the evacuation is being cited today "as *proof* of the . . . character of this entire minority." The author unequivocally indicates that the evacuation was unnecessary, not justifiable "even as a war measure." After Pearl Harbor, Tokyo for obvious reasons depended upon non-Orientals to carry on espionage in this country. Indeed, McWilliams repeats a statement which has not been repeated enough: "no resident Japanese-American, either in Hawaii or on the mainland, has been convicted of being an unregistered agent or of having engaged in espionage activities."

Not only was the evacuation unnecessary, but McWilliams shows that it was un-American. A tragic, undemocratic precedent was established. A group was singled out for discriminatory treatment by the federal government solely on the basis of race or ancestry. Why? The whole evacuation, McWilliams carefully documents, was the result of an organized bigotry campaign, centered in California which once called for national exclusion and is now demanding that these "Jews of the Orient" never return to California. Who are these racists? A number of powerful, special-interest groups, aided as always by silence from the majority of the citizenry.

Relocation has been both a vast experiment and a stupendous human drama. McWilliams is at his best in describing this drama and in helping us better understand our Japanese-American neighbors. The author conclusively shows that our present and future treatment of Japanese-Americans not only directly affects all American minorities (and majorities!), but its consequences lie abroad and on the very peace table.

This is a striking, readable interpretation of another important sector of our "American dilemma." Subtitled, "Symbol of Racial Intolerance," this book is authored by one who can truly be titled, "the symbol of racial *tolerance.*"

Homer A. Jack

Protestant Background

Stories of the Reformation in England and Scotland. *By Ruth Gordon Short. Washington, D. C.: Review and Herald Publishing Association. 249 pp. $2.00.*

This is a book for the casual reader and the earnest student alike. The Reformation with its accompanying martyred heroes is universally regarded as one of the most important movements in history, yet the story of the men and women who dared face death for the Christian faith is too often neglected. This truth, indeed, is a thousand times more thrilling than fiction.

This volume is not intended as an exhaustive, detailed history of the Reformation. It is, on the other hand, a satisfying summary of the leading figures, their convictions, and their lives. A foundation is skilfully laid showing the background for the Protestant Reform from the time of the great Humanist, Erasmus, to the providential defeat of the Invincible Armada. The author touches the high point of these years, wisely omitting much that would be dull repetition for the average student of this highly significant period.

Unlike other books on similar subjects, this volume is easily read and completely enjoyable, for it is written in a refreshingly simple style, only slightly marred by abrupt transition and an occasionally confused order. Its value is greatly increased by a complete chronological table and a copious bibliography that should satisfy even the most zealous reader.

The Christian heroes of the sixteenth century were not afraid to die for their convictions. Any reader of these stories will gain some appreciation of their sacrifices.

Bernard R. Hawley

Coventry Will Rise Again

Night owls stopped their preening,
Drugged by bombers' gall;
Darkness dropped, careening
Like a rotten wall.

Morning's eyes grew tearful,
Whimpering at the sight;
Merry hearts grew fearful,
Fearless over night.

Can some stubborn powers,
Masking sad restraint
Put back stooping towers. . .
Mitigate the taint?

Strands of broken laces. . .
. . . Cobbled effigy. . .
Man always replaces
Towns like Coventry.

Mary O'Connor.

Western Unitarian Conference

RANDALL S. HILTON, Executive Secretary
700 Oakwood Boulevard, Chicago, 15, Illinois

IOWA CONFERENCE

The Iowa Unitarian Association held its annual meeting at the First Unitarian Church of Omaha, Nebraska, October 30 to November 1. It comprised a part of the Seventy-fifth Anniversary program of the Omaha church. Rev. Ralph E. Bailey, of Milwaukee, and former minister at Omaha, preached the Anniversary Sermon on Sunday, October 29.

The sessions of the conference began on Monday evening with an address by Rev. Stephen H. Fritchman, Editor of the *Christian Register,* on the subject, "Unitarians in Tomorrow's World." The Tuesday morning session was highlighted by a challenging talk on liberal religious education by Miss Frances Wood, of Boston, and an inspiring round table discussion on "What the Young People Want of the Church," by a group of young people from the Omaha church.

A large group attended the luncheon Tuesday noon and much interest was shown in the plans for Unitarian Advance, as presented by the Panel consisting of Mrs. Lou Haycock, Regional Vice-President of the Associate Alliance, Raymond B. Bragg, Minister at Minneapolis and Chairman of Committee "C" of the Advance program, and Randall S. Hilton, Secretary of the Western Conference and Regional Director for the Mid-West.

Following the banquet Tuesday night, Mr. Bragg gave a most informative and inspiring address on the work of the Unitarian Service Committee under the auspices of the Judy Foundation.

The sessions were brought to a close on Wednesday morning with the presentation of two stimulating papers by Prof. Wilfred Payne of Omaha, and Dr. Charles E. Snyder of Davenport.

THE CHICAGO UNITARIAN COUNCIL

"Liberal Religion on the Air" is the title of a series of thirteen weekly round table broadcasts sponsored by the Chicago Unitarian Council. These broadcasts will be given on Sundays at 1:45 P. M. over Station W-A-I-T (820 on the dial) and can be heard in southern Wisconsin, eastern Iowa, Missouri, Indiana, western Michigan, and throughout Illinois.

The first broadcast, on "Liberal Religion and God," will be given on December 3, with Rev. E. T. Buehrer (Third Church), Rev. Leslie T. Pennington (First Church), and Mr. Thomas Thompson (layman of Beverly Church), participating. The second broadcast, on "Liberal Religion and Full Employment," will be presented on December 10 with Mr. Harvey O'Connor (Third Church), Rev. Robert S. Turner (Hinsdale), and Mrs. Robert J. VanderWal (First Church) discussing the subject. During the course of the series, the ministers and many of the laymen from all of the churches in the Chicago area will be heard on such subjects as "Liberal Religion and Science," "Liberal Religion and Religious Leaders," and others. A schedule of the entire series may be obtained from the Western Unitarian Conference office.

Dr. Homer A. Jack has been appointed Radio Minister for the Council and is chairman of the radio section of the Promotion Committee. Working with him are Rev. John Booth (Evanston) and Robert S. Turner.

The Chicago Council is also sponsoring newspaper advertising in the Saturday editions of the *Chicago Sun.* The newspaper section of the Promotion Committee consists of Rev. E. T. Buehrer, Chairman, Rev. Leslie T. Pennington, and Rev. Jack Mendelssohn (Beverly).

The officers of the Chicago Council are Mr. Donald H. Sweet, President; Robert S. Turner, Secretary; Mr. Walter Vose, Treasurer. Randall S. Hilton is General Chairman of the Promotion Committee.

SECRETARY'S APPOINTMENTS

October 29—Sioux City, Iowa.
October 30 to November 1—Iowa Conference, Omaha.
November 5—Fort Wayne, Indiana.
November 12—St. John's Church, Cincinnati, Ohio.
November 19—Underwood, Minnesota.
November 26—Beverly (Chicago).
December 3—Iowa City, Iowa.
December 7—Milwaukee Laymen's League.
December 10—Sauganash Community Church, Chicago.

LAWRENCE PUBLICATION

The Unitarian Society of Lawrence, Kansas, has published a pamphlet, "The Challenge of Modern Science to Liberal Religion," by Dr. Florence Brown Sherbon. Dr. Sherbon, up to the time of her death last February, was Chairman of the Board of the Lawrence church.

She is listed in recent editions of *Who's Who in America, Who's Who in American Medicine,* and in *Leaders in Education.* Copies of the pamphlet can be obtained by writing to Miss Addie Egbert, 711 W. 12th Street, Lawrence, Kansas.

LAKE GENEVA???

Due to the fact that the International Council of Religious Education, which owns Conference Point Camp on Lake Geneva, is planning an extra conference this year, it is quite likely that our Mid-West Unitarian Summer Assembly cannot be held there this coming summer. If there are any suggestions as to possible places to hold our summer conference, will you please send them to the Western Conference office.

The Board of the Mid-West Unitarian Summer Assembly is meeting in Chicago on December 5 and 6.

COMING SOON

A volume of poems, with an attractive leatherette binding, written by Kenneth L. Patton will be published soon. Many of these poems were used by Mr. Patton at the Firelight services at Lake Geneva last summer. The first edition will be limited in number. If you wish copies send your order now to the Western Conference office.

UNITARIAN LEND-LEASE

The *Christian Register,* Unitarian monthly publication, has its own lend-lease project. The *Register* is taking subscriptions to the *Inquirer,* sister publication of British Unitarians, to counterbalance the 132 subscriptions of the American publication now being sent to Great Britain.

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